

DAILY EVENING STAR.

VOL. 1.

WASHINGTON,

TUESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1853.

NO. 15.

PROSPECTUS OF THE DAILY EVENING STAR.

The undersigned proposes to publish, so soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall have been obtained to justify the undertaking, a daily afternoon paper, to be called "The Daily Evening Star."

"The Star" is designed to supply a desideratum which has long existed at the Metropolis of the nation. Free from party trammels and sectarian influences, it will preserve a strict neutrality, and, whilst maintaining a fearless spirit of independence, will be devoted, in an especial manner, to the local interests of the beautiful city which bears the honored name of Washington, and to the welfare and happiness of the large and growing population within its borders. To develop the resources of the Metropolis—to increase and facilitate its mercantile operations—to foster and encourage its industrial pursuits—to stimulate its business and trade—to accelerate its progress in the march to power and greatness—these shall be the main objects of the paper.

"The Star" will also beam forth intelligence from all sections of the country, by telegraph and mail, and give it in a form so condensed as not to render it necessary to sift a bushel of chaff before finding a grain of wheat. The articles, editorial and selected, will be brief, varied, and sprightly. Nothing shall be admitted into its columns offensive to any religious sect or political party—nothing, in a moral point of view, to which even the most fastidious might object. It is the determination of the publisher to make it a paper which will be a welcome visitor to every family, and one which may be perused not only with pleasure, but with profit.

The editorial department will be under the direction of a gentleman of ability and tact.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Subscribers served by the carriers at six cents a week, payable weekly. To mail subscribers \$4 a year; \$2 for six months.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

In order to prevent persons having but a few lines to advertise paying an extravagant rate, the following schedule will be adopted:

For six lines or less.	For twelve lines or less.
1 insertion.....\$0.25	1 insertion.....\$0.50
2 ".....37½	2 ".....75
3 ".....50	3 ".....1.00
1 week.....75	1 week.....1.50
2 ".....1.00	2 ".....2.00
3 ".....1.50	3 ".....2.50
4 ".....2.00	4 ".....3.00

JOSEPH B. TATE.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, responding to the repeated and urgently expressed wish of eminent and judicious persons in various sections of the country, have decided to commence on the first of January, 1853, an entirely original Periodical, under the above title. It is intended to combine the lighter characteristics of a popular magazine with the higher and graver qualities of a quarterly review, filling a position hitherto unoccupied in our literature.

While attractive variety for the general reader is thus obtained, there will be an attempt to secure substantial excellence in each department. To accomplish this we intend that the work in all its mechanical and business aspects shall be such as will meet the views of our most distinguished writers, such a medium as they would seek for in communicating with the world, and such as may tempt some to write ably and profitably who have not hitherto contributed to periodicals.

We intend that all articles admitted into the work shall be liberally paid for.

We believe that an ample material exists for such a work; that there is no lack either of talent among our writers or of appreciation on the part of the reading public; and that a properly conducted periodical of this kind may bring to light much true genius as is now undeveloped.

"Putnam's Monthly" will be devoted to the interests of Literature, Science, and Art—in their best and purest aspects. Entirely independent of all merely self-interests, of party or sectional leanings, in its management, it will be open to competent writers for free discussion of such topics as are deemed important and of public interest.

The editorial department will be wholly independent of the publishers, and as far as possible, of all personal influence or bias. Wholesome castigations of public abuses will be allowed a fair field without fear or favor. An elevated national tone and spirit, American and independent, yet discriminating and just, both to the literature and to the social condition and prospects of our hemisphere, will be cultivated as a leading principle of the work.

Special attention will be given to matters connected with social policy, municipal regulations, public health and safety, and the practical economies of every-day life.

While a subject needs illustration, or pictorial example, such illustrations will be occasionally given; but it is not expected that the success of the work is to depend on what are termed "embellishments."

The following, among many others, have expressed their hearty approval of the plan, and will all give it their generous co-operation, while nearly all of them will be contributors to the work:

Washington Irving, Nathl. Hawthorne, Fitz Green Halleck, Rev. Dr. Hawks, Hon. Geo. Bancroft, Prof. B. Silliman, Jr., Rev. Dr. Wayland, Rev. Bishop Potter, Rev. E. H. Chapin, Prof. Gillespie, Rev. H. P. Tappan, W. W. Longfellow, W. C. Bryant, Geo. Wm. Curtis, &c., &c.

Prof. Lieber, R. B. Kimball, R. W. Emerson, Mrs. Kirkland, Hon. E. G. Squier, Prof. Henry Reed, D. G. Mitchell, Miss Warner, author of "Wide World," E. P. Whipple, Rev. Orville Dewey, Miss Sedgwick, Geo. Sumner, &c., &c.

Price \$3 per annum, or 25 cents per number. Terms of sale, &c., will be given in separate circulars. Numbers received by all booksellers throughout the United States and by the publishers.

G. P. PUTNAM & CO., 10 Park Place, New York. PUTNAM'S POPULAR LIBRARY is still continued semi-monthly.

DR. ROSE'S NERVOUS CORDIAL:

The most Valuable Preparation in Medical Science.

THE thousands who are suffering with any NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, will find immediate relief in using this wonderful CORDIAL. It cures Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Palpitation, Heartburn, Nervous Headache, Tremor of the Muscles or Flesh, Wakefulness, and all restlessness of the mind or body; whether worn down by care, labor, or study.

This truly wonderful Medicine, from its peculiar happy effect in allaying the most violent Nervous Affection, and completely eradicating them from the system, may justly be termed the grandest discovery in the science of Medicine. It subdues and averts all those Nervous Diseases, over which the most profound medical skill has hitherto had no control. It is a grand restorer in building up a weak constitution, already worn down by disease and debilitated by other medicine; its invigorating properties act like a charm, and its beneficial effects are almost miraculous. The weak, the nervous, and those suffering with constant pains and uneasiness, are frequently cured by using a single bottle.

Price 50 cts, and to be had at the stores of Z. D. Gilman, W. H. Gilman, Charles Stott & Co., Samuel Butt, J. F. Callan, John W. Nairn, Kidwell & Lawrence, Washington city, D. C. J. L. Kidwell, Georgetown, (D. C.) and the various Drug stores in Alexandria. dec 15—

GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY!

WITH such testimony, no stronger proof can be given, unless it be trial of this wonderful Hampton's Vegetable Tincture.

Let the afflicted read! read!

BARRELLVILLE, ALLEGANY COUNTY, (Md.) } May 4, 1852.

To Messrs. Mortimer & Mowbray:

DEAR SIR: In justice to Dr. Hampton's Vegetable Tincture, I wish to inform you that I was taken sick on the 3d day of January last, with an affection of the stomach, bowels, and kidneys. I was attended by four eminent physicians for more than two months—all to little or no effect. I had some knowledge of the great virtue in Hampton's Tincture from one bottle which my wife had taken two years since.

I came to the conclusion that I would take no more medicine from my physicians, but try the Tincture; and I am happy to inform you I had not taken it two days before I felt its powerful influence upon my stomach. I have continued using the Tincture, and am now able to leave my room, and can eat any common diet without much inconvenience or pressure on my stomach.

The afflicted or their friends are daily visiting me, to learn of the great virtue there is in this Tincture of Hampton's.

I expect to send you several certificates in a few days one especially from a young lady who has been confined to her room twelve months, with a disease of the head, affecting the brain.

Respectfully yours, E. W. HALL.

On the permanency of the cure hear him. Still another letter from the above!

BARRELLVILLE, ALLEGANY COUNTY, (Md.) } October 13, 1852.

Messrs. Mortimer & Mowbray:

DEAR SIR: I am happy to inform you that this day finds me in the enjoyment of good health, by the use of your Hampton's Tincture and the blessing of God. I am enabled to pursue my daily avocations as usual, and I have a great desire that the afflicted should know the great curative powers of the Tincture.

I am, with respect, yours, E. W. HALL.

THE ALMOST MIRACULOUS CURES made by Hampton's Vegetable Tincture on our most respectable citizens—men well known and tried—we challenge the world to show anything on record in medicine to equal it. Many hundreds who have felt its healing powers bear the same testimony.

BALTIMORE, July 6, 1852,

Messrs. Mortimer & Mowbray: Gents: Last September I was attacked with erysipelas, from which a dreadful ulcer formed on my right leg. Getting better of this, last November I took a deep cold, which led to what my physician told me was bilious pleurisy, which left me with a constant, deeply-seated, and painful cough, having no rest day or night, and constantly throwing up from my lungs a thick matter. I became much emaciated, growing weaker every day, and keeping my bed the greater part of the time. My friends thought I had the consumption, and at times I was also of the same opinion. At this stage of my disease, after having tried many and various remedies, without success, a friend advised me to try DR. HAMPTON'S VEGETABLE TINCTURE, and procured me a bottle, which I now pronounce the greatest medicine I ever took. Before I had taken half the contents of one bottle I felt much improved; and now, having taken but two bottles, my cough and pains have entirely left me, and I am enabled to attend to business. I can truly say that, with the blessing of God, I have been restored to the health I now enjoy by the use of this most invaluable medicine. Yours, WESLEY ROCK, Schroeder, near Saratoga street.

PORTSMOUTH, (Va.) Aug. 13, 1851.

Mr. J. E. Boush—Dear Sir: While I am in general opposed to Patent Medicines, candor compels me to state that I have great confidence in the virtues of Hampton's Vegetable Tincture. For several months past I have used it in my family, and in Dyspepsia, loss of appetite, dizziness, and general debility, with entire success. So far as my experience extends, therefore, I take pleasure in recommending it to the afflicted as a safe and efficient remedy.

VERNON ESKRIDGE,

For sale by C. Stott & Co., Washington, D. C. Wallace Elliot, cor. F and 12th sts. D. B. Clarke, cor. Md. av. & 11th st. J. Wimer, 6th st., near Louisiana av. McIntire's, cor. I and 7th st. Gray & Ballantyne, 7th st., near E. R. T. Cissell, Georgetown, Va. C. C. Berry, Alexandria, Va. And by Druggists generally, everywhere. MORTIMER & MOWBRAY, General Agents, Baltimore st.

Dr. Rose's Dyspepsia Cordial.

THE Liver being the largest gland in the human body, it is more frequently deranged than any other. Then follows Dyspepsia, Constipation, Cold Feet, and Loss of Appetite—the skin becomes yellow, the spirits droop, and there is a great aversion to society. Regulate the Liver, and you correct all these evils. The surest preparations to take are DR. ROSE'S celebrated *Railroad or Anti-Bilious Pills*. They carry off the bile, and soon give appetite and strength.

His *Dyspepsia Compound* should be taken where a person has been troubled with Dyspepsia a long time. Price 50 cents; but for Colds, Bilious habits, Jaundice, &c., take Dr. Rose's *Anti-Bilious or Railroad Pills*, as they go ahead of all other Pills in their good effects. 12½ and 25 cents per box.

The above preparation can be found, with circulars and full directions, at the stores of

Z. D. Gilman, W. H. Gilman, Charles Stott & Co., Samuel Butt, J. F. Callan, John W. Nairn, Kidwell & Lawrence, Washington city, D. C. J. L. Kidwell, Georgetown, D. C., and the various Drug Stores in Alexandria.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. GRAEFENBERG'S GERMAN CYPRIAN JULAP, the safest, most speedy, and effective remedy ever discovered for the cure of Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture of the Urethra, &c. Price \$1 per bottle.

Just received and for sale by S. R. SYLVESTER, Druggist and Apothecary, cor. 6th and H streets. dec 15

DAILY EVENING STAR.

THE WICKED GHOST.

One night while dozing in my chair, I started at a sound, Which seemed to issue from beneath, The cellar under ground.

I listened, and a voice broke in Upon the solemn night, Which made the perspiration start, And hair stand up with fright.

"Alas!" it said, "I am the ghost Of one long dead and buried, And now below I have to roam, And am by demons worried."

"Poor ghost," quoth we, "what was your crime, That you are thus tormented, What sins in life did you commit, And die of unrepented?"

"Ah! me!" replied the spirit damned, "My breath is brimstone vapor, Because in life I didn't pay You for your spicy paper."

Just then our Rooster raised his voice In honor of the morning, And homeward went the wicked ghost— Let "Patrons" all take warning!

SPECULATION IN WHISKERS; OR, SHAVING IN A BROKER'S OFFICE.

By SOL SMITH.

There lived at Milledgeville, in the year 1832, a dandified individual whom we will call Jenks. This individual had a tolerably favorable opinion of his personal appearance. His fingers were hooped with rings, and his shirt bosom was decked with a magnificent breast-pin; coat, hat, vest, and boots were made exactly to fit; he wore kid gloves of remarkable whiteness; his hair was oiled and dressed in the latest and best style; and to complete his killing appearance, he sported an enormous pair of *real whiskers*. Of these whiskers Jenks was as proud as a young cat is of her tail, when she first discovers she has one.

I was sitting one day in a broker's office, when Jenks came in to inquire the price of exchange on New York. He was invited to sit down, and a segar was offered him. Conversation turning on the subject of buying and selling stocks, a remark was made by a gentleman present, that he thought no person should sell out stock in such-and-such a bank at that time, as it must get better in a few days.

"I will sell any thing I've got, if I can make any thing on it," remarked Jenks.

"Oh, no," replied one, "not any thing—you wouldn't sell your whiskers!"

A loud laugh followed this chance remark. Jenks immediately answered:

"I would—but who would want them? Any person making the purchase would lose money by the operation, I'm thinking."

"Well," I observed, "I would be willing to take the speculation, if the price could be made reasonable."

"Oh, I'll sell 'em cheap," answered Jenks, winking at the gentlemen present.

"What do you call cheap?" I inquired.

"I'll sell 'em for fifty dollars," Jenks answered, puffing forth a cloud of smoke across the counter, and repeating the wish.

"Well, that is cheap; and you'll sell your whiskers for fifty dollars?"

"I will."

"Both of them."

"Both of them."

"I'll take them! When can I have them?"

"Any time you choose to call for them."

"Very well—they're mine. I think I shall double my money on them, at least."

I took a bill of sale, as follows:

"Received of Sol Smith, fifty dollars in full for my crop of whiskers, to be worn and taken care of by me, and delivered to him when called for.

J. JENKS."

The sum of fifty dollars was paid, and Jenks left the broker's office in high glee, flourishing Five Central Bank X's and telling all his acquaintances of the great bargain he had made in the sale of his whiskers.

The broker and his friends laughed at me for being taken in so nicely. "Never mind," said I "let those laugh that win; I'll make a profit of those whiskers, depend on it."

For a month after this, whenever I met Jenks, he asked me when I intended to call for my whiskers?

"I'll let you know when I want them," was always my answer. "Take good care of them—oil them occasionally; I shall call for them one of these days."

A splendid ball was to be given to the members of the Legislature. I ascertained that Jenks was one of the managers—he

being a great ladies' man, (on account of his whiskers, I suppose,) and it occurred to me that before the ball took place, I might as well call for my whiskers.

One morning I met Jenks in a barber's shop. He was adonising before a large mirror, and combing up my whiskers at a wonderful rate.

"Ah! there you are, old fellow," said he, speaking to my reflection in the glass, "Come for your whiskers, I suppose?"

"Oh no hurry," I replied, as I sat down for a shave.

"Always ready, you know," he answered, giving a final tie to his cravat.

"Come to think of it," I said, musingly, as the barber began to put the lather on my face. "Perhaps now would be as good a time as another: you may sit down and let the barber try his hand at the whiskers?"

"You couldn't wait until to-morrow, could you?" he asked hesitatingly. "There's a ball to-night, you know—"

"To be sure there is, and I think you ought to go with a clean face; at all events, I don't see any reason why you should expect to wear my whiskers to that ball; so sit down."

He rather sulkily obeyed, and in a few moments his face was in a perfect foam of lather. The barber flourished his razor, and was about to commence operations, when I suddenly changed my mind!

"Stop, Mr. Barber," I said; "you need not shave off those whiskers just yet."

So he quietly put up his razor, while Jenks started up from the chair, in something very much resembling a passion.

"This is trifling!" he exclaimed. "You have claimed your whiskers—take them."

"I believe a man has a right to do as he pleases with his own property," I remarked, and left Jenks washing his face.

At dinner that day the conversation turned on the whisker affair. It seems the whole town had got wind of it, and Jenks could not walk the streets without the remark being continually made by the boys—"There goes the man with old Sol's whiskers!" And they had grown to an immense size, for he dared not trim them. In short, I became convinced that Jenks was waiting very impatiently for me to assert my rights in the property.

It happened that several of the party were sitting opposite me at dinner who were present when the singular bargain was made, and they all urged me to take the whiskers that very day, and compel Jenks to go to the ball whiskerless, or stay at home. I agreed with them it was about time to reap my crop, and promised that if they would meet me at the broker's shop where the purchase had been made, I would call on Jenks that evening, after he had dressed for the ball. All promised to be present at the proposed shaving operation in the broker's office, and I sent for Jenks and the barber.

On the appearance of Jenks, it was evident he was much vexed at the sudden call upon him; and his vexation was certainly not lessened when he saw the broker's office was filled to overflowing by spectators, anxious to behold the barbarous proceeding.

"Come, be in a hurry," he said, as he took a seat, and leaned his head against the counter for support. "I can't stay here long; several ladies are waiting for me to escort them to the ball."

"True, very true—you are one of the managers—I recollect. Mr. Barber, don't detain the gentleman—go to work at once."

The lathering was soon over, and with about three strokes of the razor, one side of his face was deprived of its ornament.

"Come come," said Jenks, "push ahead, there's no time to be lost—let the gentleman have his whiskers—he is impatient."

"Not at all," I replied coolly, "I'm in no hurry, myself—and I think of it, as your time must be precious at this particular time, several ladies being in waiting for you to escort them to the ball, I believe I'll not take the other whisker to-night!"

A loud laugh from the by-standers, and a glance in the mirror, caused Jenks to open his eyes to the ludicrous appearance he cut with his single whisker, and he began to insist upon my taking the whole of my property! But all that wouldn't do. I had the right to take it when I choose—I was not obliged to take all at once! and I chose to take but half at that particular period—indeed, I intimated to him very plainly that I was not going to be a very hard creditor; that if he "behaved himself," perhaps I should never call for the balance of what he owed me!

When Jenks became convinced I was determined not to take the remaining whisker, he began amidst the loudly expressed mirth of the crowd, to propose terms offering me ten, then twenty, thirty, forty, fifty! to take off the remaining whisker. I said firmly, "My dear sir, there is no use in talking—I insist on your wearing that whisker for me a month or two."

"What will you take for the whisker?" he at length asked. "Won't you sell them back to me?"

"Ah," replied I, "now you began to talk as a business man should. Yes I bought them on speculation—and I'll sell them if I can obtain a good price."

"What is your price?"

"One hundred dollars—must double my money."

"No less?"

"Not a farthing less—and I'm not anxious to sell them even at that price."

"Well I'll take them," he groaned, "there's your money; and here barber shave off this infernal whisker in less than no time—I shall be late at the ball."

The barber accomplished his work, and poor Jenks was whiskerless! He went to the ball, but before the night was over, he wished he hadn't—

It is said that a down-easter recently packed up a cargo of snow, and sold it in South Carolina for salt. This beats the nutmeg trade some.

An exchange says that the card of a dancing master, returning thanks for patronage, represented him as offering "his most respectful shanks."

How many points of the compass are there? Two; east and west. There used to be four; but as Mr. Webster said he didn't know any north or south, I suppose there is none.

Dean Swift happened to be in company with a petulant young man, who prided himself on saying pert things, and at last, getting up with some conceited gesticulations, said with a confident air—"You must know, Mr. Dean, I set up for a wit." "Do you so?" said the Dean; "then take my advice, and sit down again."

I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? because they cannot govern themselves. How, then, can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick, in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

Park Benjamin, in his lecture on the Ridiculous, said—"A friend of mine passing a house where there was a funeral, stepped up to an Irishman and asked him if he could inform him who was dead. The Irishman replied: 'I cannot exactly say, sir, but I presume it is the gentleman in the coffin!'"

A correspondent of the Florence (Ala.) Gazette is rather strong in his expressions of disapprobation of those who are in favor of the dissolution of the Union. He says:

"A man of that character could not get a meal's victuals or a bed to sleep on at my house. My dogs should not bark at him. If I was to catch a buzzard eating the carcass of a disunionist, I would shoot it.—They are the last of all creation; fit for nothing but to be winked at by negroes, kicked at by mules, gored by bulls, and butted by rams."

An Irishman, newly imported, made application for work. On being asked if he could hold the plough, Paddy said that he could do that or any thing else. He was accordingly engaged, and his master went with him to the field, to see him commence operations. It was soon found that the Hibernian was new at the trade.

"Did you not tell me, sir, that you could hold the plough?"

"Arrah! be aisy, now," said Pat; "how the deuce can I howld the plough, and two horses dragging it away after me? But give it me in the barn, and be jabers I'll howld it with iver a body!"